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THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

A Ballad,

Poetry by

THE HON. MRS. PRICE BLACKWOOD.

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THE MUSIC

composed and most cordially dedicated to

MRS. ISAAC Mc GAW.

OF NEW YORK, BY

WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER.

Price 50 cts. net

BOSTON

Published by GEO. P. REED, 17 Tremont Row.

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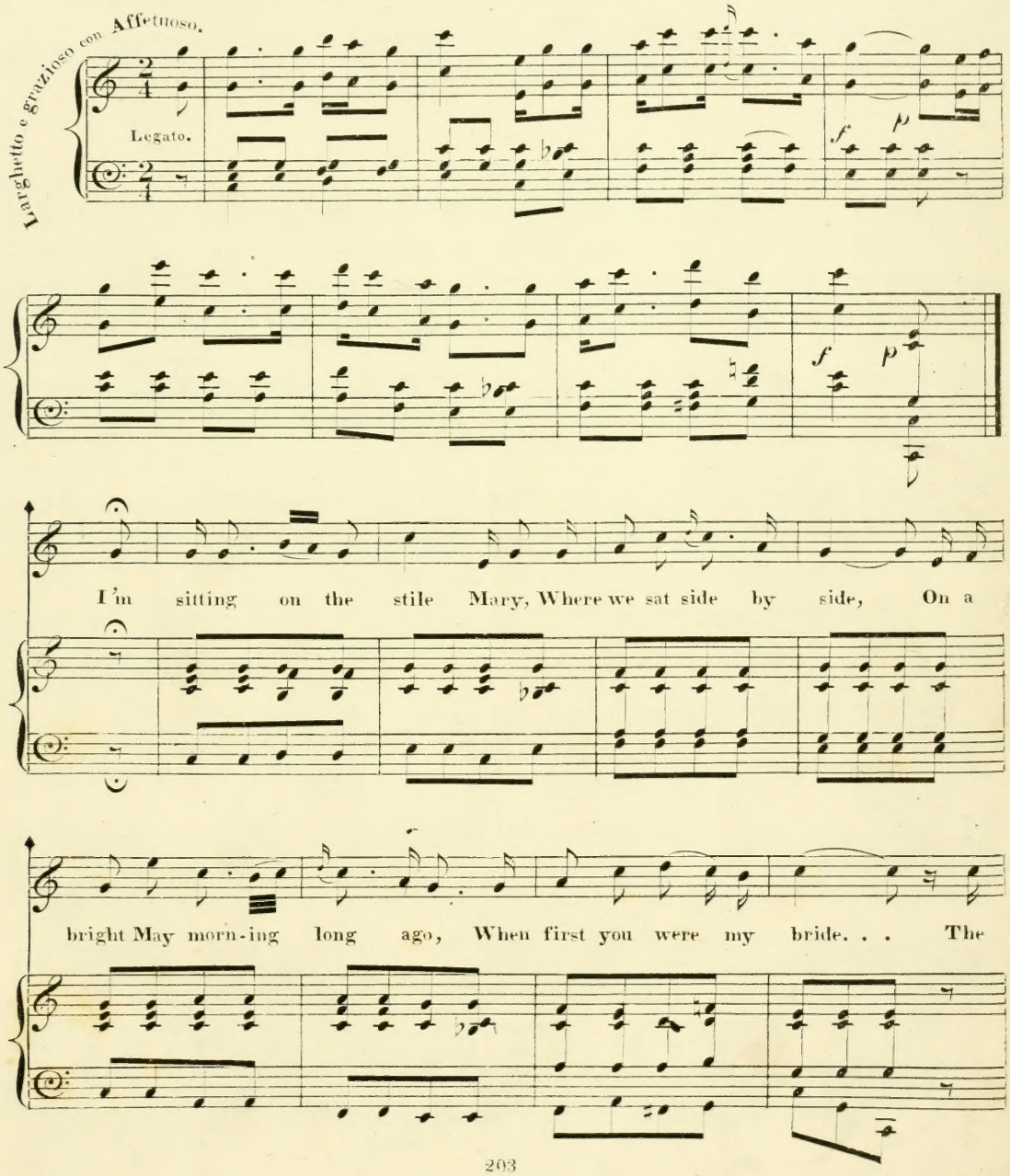
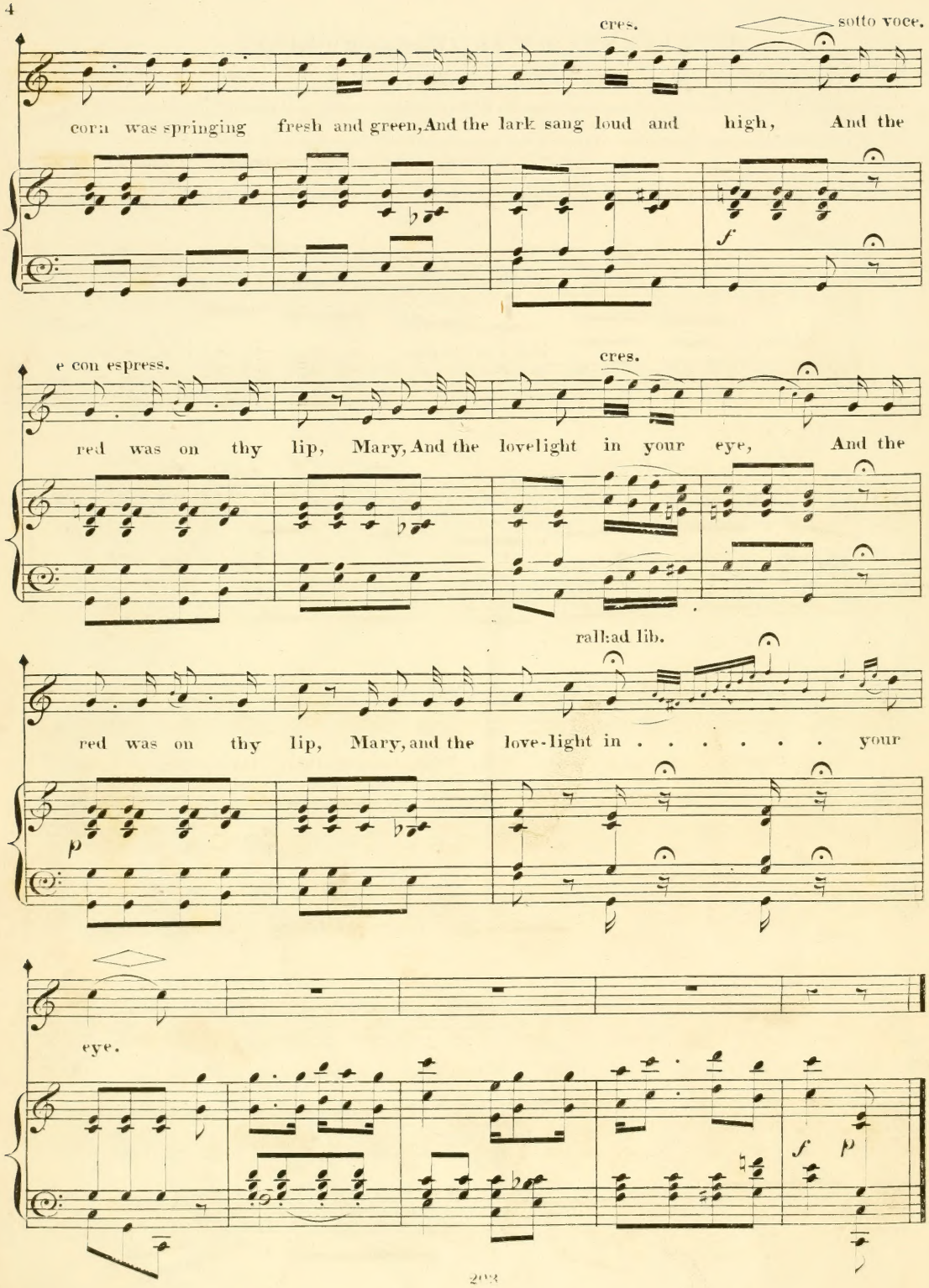
THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

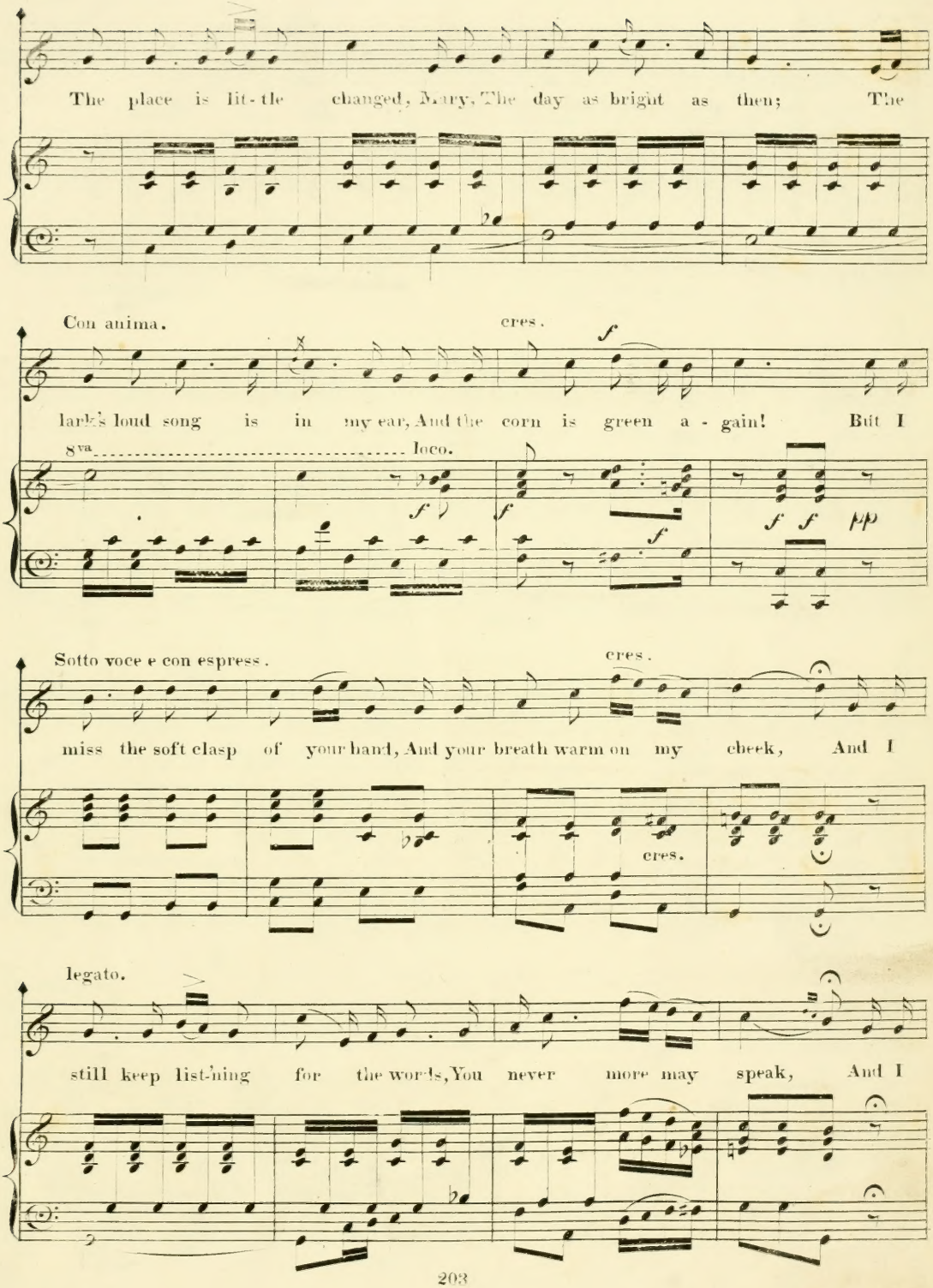
Portraying the feelings of an Irish peasant previous to his leaving home, calling up the scenes of his youth under the painful reflection of having buried his wife and child, and what his feelings will be in America.

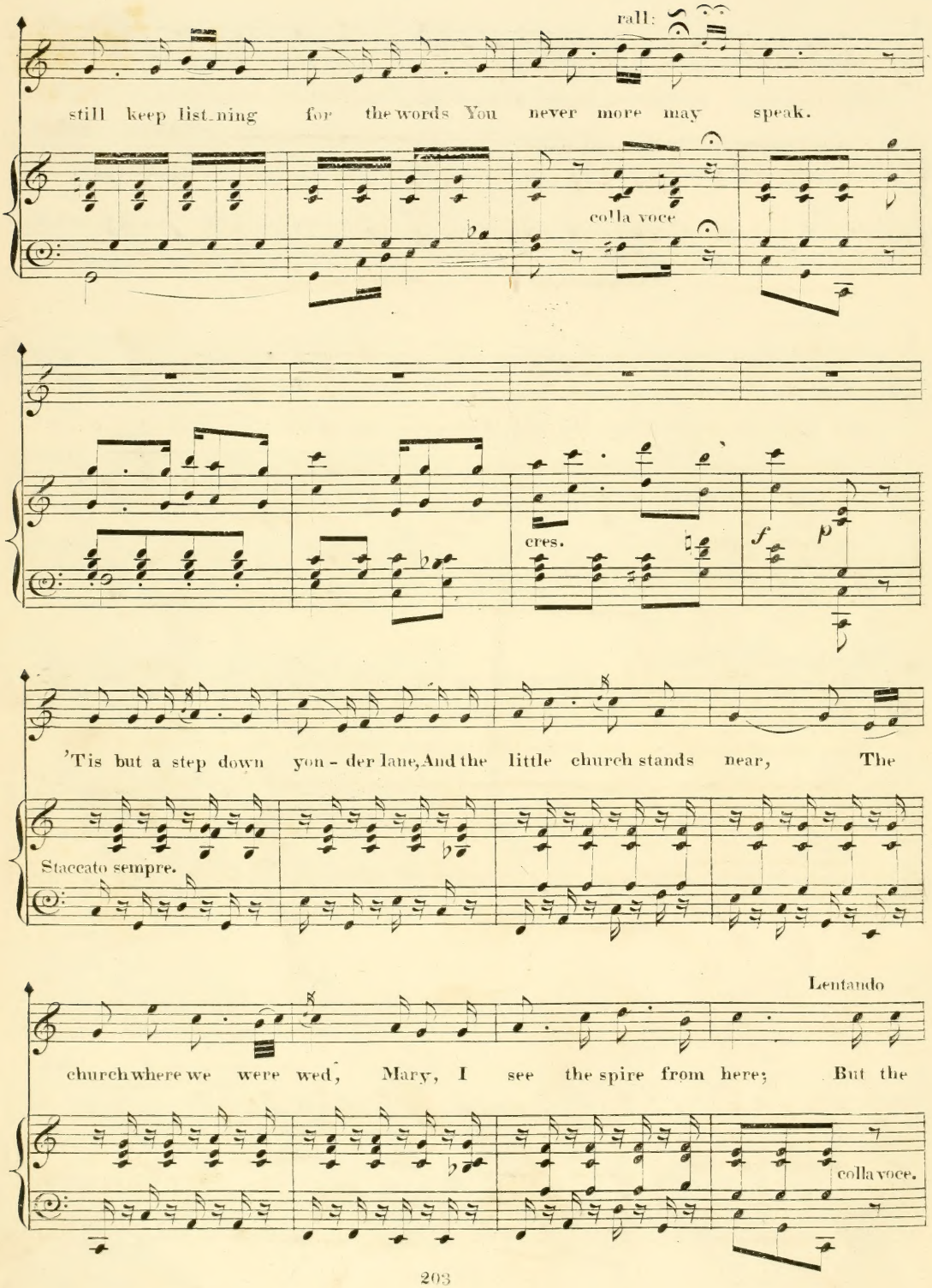
Words by the Hon: Mrs. PRICE BLACKWOOD. Music by WILLIAM. R. DEMPSTER.

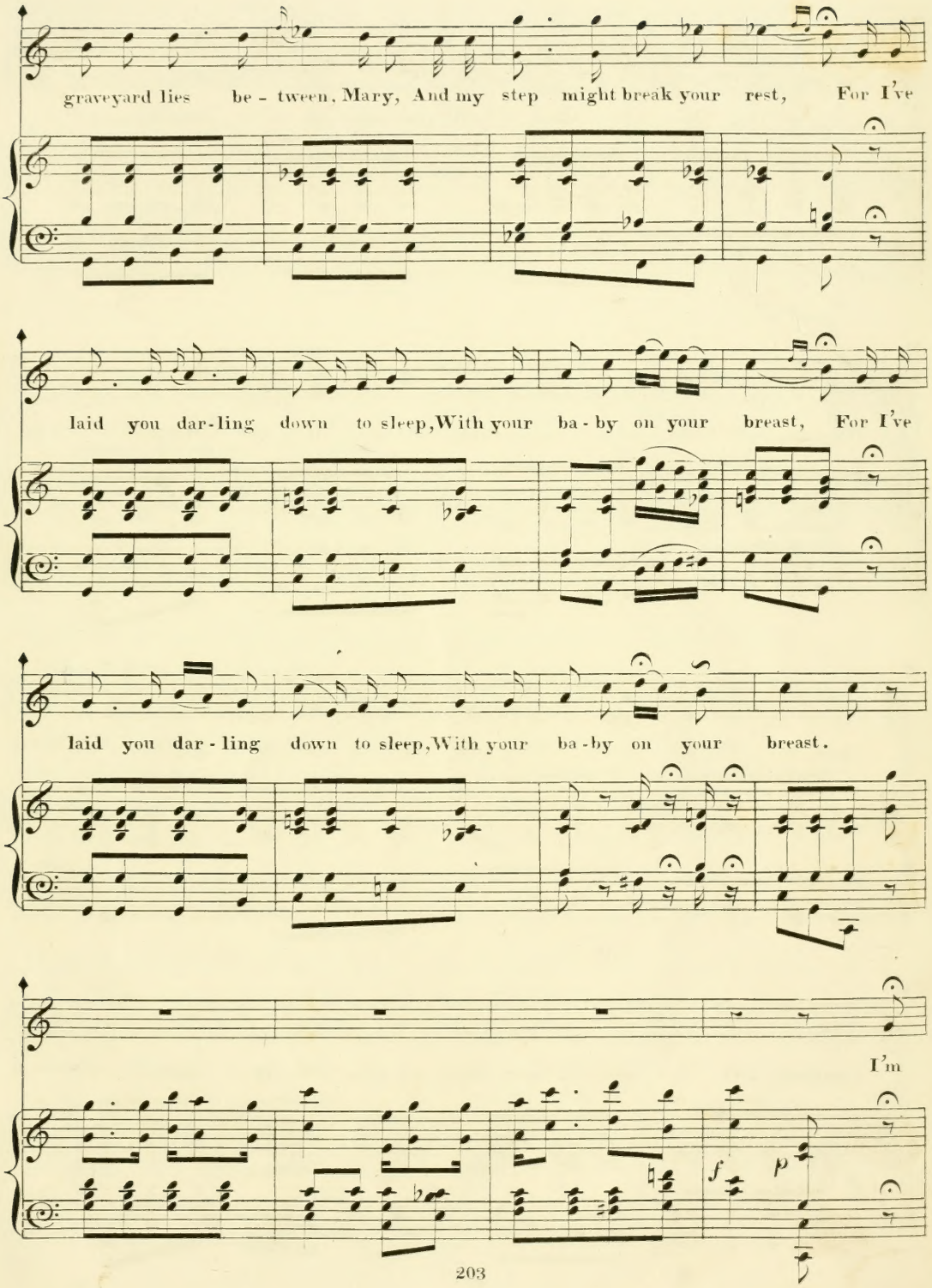


Mrs. Barbara Crane
April 4, 1905


cres.
sotto voce.
corn was springing fresh and green, And the lark sang loud and high, And the
f
e con espress.
cres.
red was on thy lip, Mary, And the lovelight in your eye, And the
rall:ad lib.
red was on thy lip, Mary, and the love-light in . . . . . your
p
eye.
f
p


The place is lit-tle changed, Mary, The day as bright as then; The
Con anima.
cres.
lark's loud song is in my ear, And the corn is green a - gain! But I
8va
loco.
Sotto voce e con espress.
cres.
miss the soft clasp of your hand, And your breath warm on my cheek, And I
cres.
legato.
still keep list-ning for the words, You never more may speak, And I


rall:
still keep list_ning for the words You never more may speak.
colla voce
cres.
f
p
'Tis but a step down yon - der lane, And the little church stands near, The
Staccato sempre.
Lentando
church where we were wed, Mary, I see the spire from here; But the
colla voce.


graveyard lies be - tween, Mary, And my step might break your rest, For I've
laid you dar-ling down to sleep, With your ba - by on your breast, For I've
laid you dar - ling down to sleep, With your ba - by on your breast.
I'm
f
p

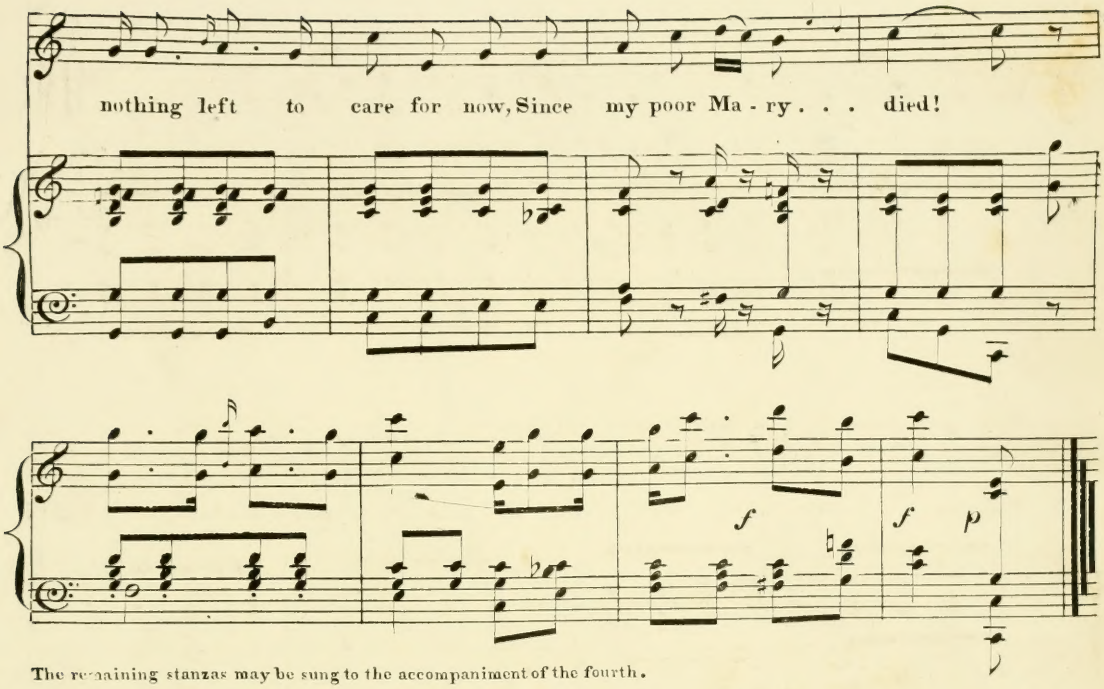
very lone - ly now, Mary, For the poor make no new friends, But

Oh! they love the better far, The few our fa - ther sends! . . And

you were all I had, Mary, My blessing and my pride; There's

nothing left to care for now, Since my poor Ma - ry died, There's

p



The remaining stanzas may be sung to the accompaniment of the fourth.

5

Your's was the brave good heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength had gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow;
I bless you for that same, Mary,
Though you can't hear me now.

6

I thank you for that patient smile,
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawing there,
And you hid it, for my sake,
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore;
Oh I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief cant' reach you more.

7

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary, kind and true,
But I'll not forget you darling,
In the land I'm going to,
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair.

8

And often in those grand old woods,
I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again,
To the place where Mary lies,
And I'll think I see the little stile,
Where we sat side by side;
And the springing corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

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